Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.
Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord Clifford, done to death.
War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes:
I come to tell you newes ſince then befalne.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tydings as ſwiftly as the poſt could runne,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſtred my ſoldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.
For by my ſcouts I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)
That rob'd my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene.
Or whether 'twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our ſouldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle Threſher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſmote their friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of hye pay, and great rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.

So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
In haſt, poſte haſt, are come to ioyne with you.
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt, Dutcheſſe of Burgundie,
With aide of ſouldiers 'gainſt this needfull warre.
Rich. 'Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſuite,
But nere till now thy ſcandall of retire.
War. Nor now my ſcandall Richard doſt thou heare:
For thou ſhalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his fiſt,
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildeneſſe, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
'Twas loue I bare thy glories made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of ſteele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out:
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting King like waxe.
He ſware conſent to your ſucceſſion,